

S 2039

H8

886

opy 1

HOYT'S HARP.

THI

Poetical Works

OF

THOMAS ROWELL HOYT,

THE BARD OF HIBBETTS' HILL.

Goodness shines on all creation,
From the Heavens to the sod,
Let man be happy in his station
Living on the Love of God.

GOFFSTOWN, N. H.:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1886.

JUN 22 1967

HOYT'S HARP.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS ROWELL HOYT.

THE BARD OF TIBBETTS' HILL.

Goodness shines on all creation,
From the Heavens to the sod,
Let man be happy in his station,
Living on the Love of God.



GOFFSTOWN, N. H.:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
1886.

PS 2039
H2
1886

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1886, by
THOMAS R. HOYT,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

INTRODUCTION.

The author, in presenting this little Book of Poems to the public, does not pretend to say they are perfect; imperfection adheres to every work of man; yet he has the pleasure to know that many of his poems have been warmly received and highly admired by a generous public. He is willing they be judged by their merits. He would say to you, read them, these creations, the out-pouring of thought-messengers of the mind. Here bidding them go into the wide world, trusting they will be able to make their own mark,

Time may roll on, years pass by,
Truth and her words can never die.

and if they shall kindle the fires of love, warm the soul with goodness, store the mind with knowledge, help make man a wiser and happier being, they will have performed their duty; completed the grand purpose of their author, who cannot but feel a pleasure in the thought of having added something to increase the well-being and happiness of his fellow man.

THE AUTHOR.

GOFFSTOWN, N. H., JUNE, 1886.

PROEM.

The Poet here presents his card,
And with it his kind regard—
His Highland Farm he loves to till,
Lives at Goffstown, on Tibbetts' Hill.

At this *Home*, this sweet retreat,
His friends and neighbor's love to meet.
He does not much incline to roam,
Most happy with his *friends* at home.

With hopes to reach that land of love
In the heavens with *God* above,
With all the *good* of everywhere,
The joys of heaven forever share.

Yours truly,

THOMAS R. HOYT.

MORNING.

We hail with joy the summer's morn,
Herald of the new-born day,
Worthy the Poet's sweetest song,
Thy visit short, how bright thy stay.

All around is gay and lovely,
Birds awake with lively notes,
The fields look dressed superbly,
Opening flowers how bright their looks.

Bright Sol comes up to warm the earth,
To light the world with golden rays,
To give to buds and plants their birth,
And measure out to men the days.

At this time O how delightful
Is the prospect all around,
In the morning all seems joyful,
Most happy SEASON to be found.

CALIFORNIA.

Hail, California, what a state!
Grown up like magic, large and great.
Land rich in gold, good soil to plant
Goes far ahead of "Aladdin's lamp."

Many are moving, going off,
Some do go west and some go south.
Rich California if I can see
Would be the very land for me.

Her healthy climate, her sweet air,
Would be a prize I'd wish to share.
Her soil, her fruits, her mines in store,
Man could scarcely wish for more.

Yes, California, what a land !
How many blessings thou command.
A proud province, young in birth,
Ranks with the RICHEST states of earth.

LONG AGO.

In years gone by, yes it was so,
There was a place I loved to go.
It was to me pleasure and sport
To take a ride to the seaport.
It was my pleasure, yea my lot,
To visit oft this hallowed spot.
My friends were kind and good to me,
Enjoying life all full of glee.
This town was not so very gay,
Yet 'twas a place I loved to stay,
To see the ocean and the beach,
And those fine views within my reach.
In this old town, this sweet retreat,
Here I loved my friend to meet.
Seemed a place away from harms,
A lovely home, all full of charms.
I a youth, a roving boy,
Full of hopes and filled with joy.

Ah these were happy days to me,
Full of romance and full of glee.
Then there was a lovely maid
Who lived here without parade,
Her ways were modest and so kind,
So fine a girl 'twas hard to find.
All full of fun, all joy and life,
She just the maiden for a wife.
So sweet and kind, I have been told,
More to be sought than shining gold.

* * * * *

Now those days have passed away,
And those scenes that looked so gay.
There is a truth we learn to know
That all is changing here below.
Ah these were days of long ago,
Pleasure seemed to freely flow.
Age now comes to change the scene,
Makes life appear a passing dream.
Old time rolls on, we have been told,
And *all* of us are growing old.
No matter if 'tis you or me,
It is a fact **THAT**'s hard to see.

THE SEASONS.

Let me awake to sing the seasons,
These grand divisions of the year.
Cheerful tell of them with reason,
Each in its turn with joy appears.

Spring with her buds and opening flowers
Presents to us a pleasing look,
With her rain and blooming bowers,
Show the first page of nature's book.

Summer beams with joy and pleasure,
Full with flowers and fields of grain,
The growing crops show us a treasure,
A high rank does she maintain.

Autumn comes to crown the year
With sunny days and fruits of worth,
With golden harvests doth appear
The richest season of the earth.

Winter, cold with ice, and snow,
Comes to seal and close the year.
It hath joys, we call them so,
And some of them we hold quite dear.

MUSINGS.

Father of all, great God of Love,
Who formed the earth, the moon, the sun,
Built the spheres and worlds above,
And bid them in their orbits run.

Hung the heavens with stars, bright pearls,
Such works so great none can rehearse.
These stars the suns of other worlds,
Boundless and great the universe.

Long time ago the world begun,
And longer, too, since it was made,
Long time before *our* year one,
These deep foundations here were laid.

We have a date away 'long back,
But that is modern we might say,
The earth's formation leaves a track,
That of a very early day.

The first of all cannot define,
Don't say the Bible is untrue.
Commencement, then, we surely find,
But then, again, the world was'nt new.

We don't know all, and never will,
Nor when the world was first begun.
If we our Maker's purpose fill,
Shall act the noble part of man.

Great God of all, of everywhere,
In every age and every clime,
"Thy will be done", let be my prayer,
Thy love and wisdom no bounds define.

DAVID DANDY'S RIDE OUT.

David Dandy set out to ride,
And take his sweetheart by his side,
Goes to a stable, calls the boss,
Says he, "I want your smartest horse."
A horse and carriage gay and fine,
At his command was brought in time,
As they get in begins to smile
And starts ahead in city style.
The day was fair, the road was wide,
They looked gay like man and bride.
As they went on past many a farm,
Seemed to enjoy it to a charm.
Their horse went finely, I should tell,
He seemed to drive it very well.
 Spurs him on, feels proud to find
Those on the road left far behind.
A fellow comes up feeling good,
He thought he'd pass them on the road,
David cries out, "you can't go by,
My horse is smart, no use to try."
The fellow took but little heed,
Resolved to try his horse's speed,
He drove ahead with steady rein,
Wished to see whose horse would gain.
They went on for quite a spell,
Which was ahead 'twas hard to tell.
One thing sure, that I do know,
Their horses did most awfully go.

David out straight with hands and feet
Had made his mind not to be beat,
Catches the whip, puts on the lash,
The coop goes over all to smash.
This pair were but little hurt,
Tho' badly daubed with mud and dirt.
He crawls up, and sure he found
Their fixings scattered all around.
Lady goes to the nearest house
And keeps as still as any mouse.
He looks around to take a view
To see what's best for him to do,
A jolly farmer comes along,
Says he, "what's up? what's going on?"
The Dandy speaks out rather cross,
"You see I've got an ugly horse,
Now just look here, I would bet,
Such a team ain't fit to let.
Cannot find much fault with me,
Just let the things lie where they be."
"Well, well," the farmer now replied,
Guess you don't know how to drive,
Now here, my lad, get in with me,
The horse will lead that I can see."
On they go to the stable door
That he had lately left before.
He came back in such a pet,
The 'ostlers they began to fret.
The carriage gone, O where is that,

Pants all mud and where's your hat?
You'd looked wild if you'd been there
To hear the 'ostlers rip and swear.
After awhile they did talk low,
What they said I do not know.
Money it took to pay the scot,
But the amount I have forgot.
The tale goes on with funny stuff,
Perhaps you think I've told enough,
If that's the case I will be clear,
Say good bye and leave off here.

PLEASANT SCENES.

I love to see the rising sun
When first it comes into sight,
Showing that the day's begun
And 'tis the end of night.

I like to climb the mountain's brow
When all the sky is clear,
And view the scenes that lay below
So lovely doth appear.

I like to see the smiling flowers,
Dress'd in their tints so gay,
Sit beneath the shady bowers
As the moments pass away.

I love to muse on the thrush's song,
And hear the robins sing,

Watch close the bees as they pass on
And home their honey bring.

I like to hear the mountain rill
Roll down its rugged way,
To ponds and lakes below to fill
And watch the silver spray.

I love to see the busy ants,
Much wisdom do they show,
Working to supply their wants
As they pass to and fro.

I love to see the squirrel run
And jump from tree to tree,
To gather nuts, to him but fun
To hide and store away.

I like to see those grand old pines
Whose tops are towering high,
Their twigs so fine with beauty shine
Delightful to the eye.

The scene around most lovely looks,
Quite cheering to my gaze,
The trees, the plants and running brooks
Help fill my soul with praise.

TAKE CARE, OR GRANDPA'S ADVICE.

'Twas when I was a little one,
My Grandpa in his chair,
Says he, "Come here, my little son,
I want you to take care.

Look, my boy, you see that axe
So shining, bright and fair,
Just step one side and not get cut,
Remember and take care.

You see that spot of shining ice,
There's water under there,
Don't go on it and tumble in,
I say you should take care.

You see that box and hear that hum,
The bees are under there.
Don't go to meddle and get stung,
Remember and take care.

So all along the path of life,
Falsey much looks fair,
You'll find it best heed this advice
Remember and take care."

ODE TO THE OCEAN.

I love to view the grand old ocean,
See it wash the sandy shore,
Its waters in continual motion
Was since Adam and long before.

Pleasant to ride on thy waters,
When the sea is still and calm,
Sky is clear and nothing bothers,
Surely then thou hast a charm.

When the breezes rest and quiet,
Love to stray upon the strand,
This a place I love to be at,
Shows a *picture* rich and grand.

Love to see the ships in motion,
Gliding o'er the briny deep,
Bringing stores from all the nations,
For us all to use and keep.

On this great highway of nations,
A vast amount of shipping's done,
Freighting stores to all the stations,
Carrying out and bringing home.

Those blessed with wealth and leisure
Love to sail upon thy main,
They go out for health and pleasure
While others go for gold and gain.

Oft thy waves are high and dashing,
Pelting hard the rock-bound shore,
O'er the beach thy waters splashing,
We often hear the ocean's roar.

What a vast grand sea of waters
In one continual ceaseless move,
Filling us with awe and wonder
Of the CREATOR, GOD, above.

LINES ON THE NEW YEAR, 1879.

Old moving time has brought us round
To another season that is near.
With joy we hail the welcome sound
And haste to greet the new-born year.

Much has been said, much been sung,
In the twelve months just gone by.

Year seventy-eight is passed and gone,
Now *seventy-nine* the herald's cry.

With good crops the year has teemed,
Peace and plenty greet our ear,
Heaven's blessings on us beamed,
Filling us with thoughts most dear.

Let wisdom fair mark our road,
In patience and in hope we toil,
With the blessings of our *God*,
Success is ours, we cannot fail.

We turn our eyes to seventy-nine,
Just starting on his new career,
May all the path of virtue find,
Be richly **BLESSED** the coming year.

HAPPINESS.

“Happiness is our being, end and aim,”
So sung the poet of great fame.

What sentiment more wise or true,
Could he or anyone give you?
This lovely friend above all price,
We hold so dear, so rich and nice,
Would dwell with us within our reach,
Obey the laws that wisdom teach.
She's rarely bought with gold or wealth,
But allied to content and health.
We seek to find her, sure we could,
Among the dwellings of the good.
I think I heard the muses tell,
With vain and proud she don't much dwell,
Where noise and discord bear full sway,
In such a home don't choose to stay.
Her home is with forgiving love,
This heavenly offspring from above.
Her charms so good, O let me praise,
And wish her with *me all my days.*

HOME.

The robin builds her cosy nest
Amongst the spreading trees.
This a home for her to rest
To enjoy and take her ease.

We have a place that we love best,
How plainly is this shown,
A sweet retreat of quiet rest,
Our own, our native *home.*

This seems to us a hallowed spot,
Most pleasant to us known,
However changing be our lot,
Most highly prize our home.

For here we feel a quiet rest,
Amidst the toils of life.

This a spot that does seem blessed,
Away from harm and strife.

And here we love to spend our days,
Our checkered life to share,
Here happy in a thousand ways,
All full of joy and care.

And as the seasons roll their round,
Let me not choose to roam.
No sweeter joys are ever found
Than dwell AROUND sweet home.

WAR.

If anything we should abhor
It is the work of wicked war.
There's nothing here that can be worse,
Nothing can show a greater curse.
Strange it seems men won't do right,
But kill and slay and savage fight,
Letting their angry passions rise
To do a work good men despise.
Praise loud of honor and renown,

Here it's all a hollow, empty sound.
The savage loves it with delight,
None but a savage calls it right.
What a scene of bleak disgust,
Some do it 'cause they think they must.
Some do to their names enroll,
If they destroy their life and soul.
This is the game of brutal kings,
Most damnable of earthly things.
And rulers bad go in the wake,
Who vainly think can profit make.
Put on thy buckler and thy shield,
And hurry to the battle field,
These grounds survey with horrid dread,
To view the dying and the dead.
The fray is passed, the battle's o'er,
Men lay dying in their gore.
O what a scene here meets the eye,
Noise and confusion swell the cry.
We turn with haste to leave the scene,
To wash our hands from carnage clean.
Sickens our *soul* with sin and doubt,
To see what men have been about.
Strange that men, all distant brothers,
Should strive so hard to destroy each other.
The victors and the vanquished too
Are held the same in virtue's view.
We see the priest, calls himself good,
Join in these scenes of war and blood.

Yea how can he stand up and pray
When from *Christ* so far away.
They all pretend to know the word,
Teach the precepts of our *Lord*.
Do they obey Christ's teachings then
Who tells "peace on earth good will to man?"
The *Quaker Friends* fighting abhor,
In every shape condemn all war.
They hold it in their creed and plan
To assist and love their fellow man.
What teacher in this age of light,
Presumes to say that war is right?
True wisdom and forgiving love
Flow from that fountain, *God*, above.
O man desist from error's ways,
Do some good act worthy of praise.
Christ taught his men the path of peace,
To love one another and increase.
Time is coming, soon be that day,
War and its weapons be wiped away.
Peace reign triumphant over sin,
This world be WORTH a living in.

DOLLAR KING, OR THE MIGHTY DOLLAR.

Hear this tale the muse would sing :
The Yankees seem to have a king,
The politician, priest and scholar,
Obedient bow to the mighty *dollar*.

The day he first caine on his throne,
I rather think is now unknown,
Gained his power by slow degrees
And rules his subjects with all ease.

How oft have we been kindly told
We should not be ruled by gold !
It is a fact we must confess
Controls the people, sways the press.

We look around upon the world,
See how many moved and many whirled.
Slaves we are to his mighty power,
Who wields the sceptre of the hour.

Be not surprised should I tell you
Has ruled the state and nation too.
Don't call me wild if I should say
His power increases every day.

We boast our rights and tell how free
Sure badly blinded cannot see.
It looks our aim and only care
To serve this king, his bounty share.

His power corrupts the men of state,
Makes men small who should be great.
If men were wise and judgment sound
Would keep his power within the bound.

This is indeed a sorry thing.
We should control this tyrant king,
Then we could be more pure and just,
More happy **LIVE**, in *Goodness* trust.

GAZADO'S TALE, A LOVE STORY IN
THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.

Gazado once was asked to tell,
Give a short history of his days.
If this you would remember well,
Now attend and hear what he says.

I can remember, long ago,
Ah! when I was a little boy,
My mother rocked me to and fro,
Pleased me with some simple toy.

How pleasant then those sunny days,
They I thought would always last,
Sweet pleasure came in many ways,
Now those youthful days are past.

Old time is ever moving on,
And reason points us out the way,
How many pleasures past and gone,
The hours of youth how brief their stay.

I then grew up as others grow,
Thought myself a handsome boy,
Save then I did but little know,
My head all full of love and joy.

I saw a girl of much beauty,
So she seemed to look to me,
To gain her love I thought my duty,
And happy should forever be.

My mind was centered on a wife,
My thoughts would lead no other way,
My only care to gain this bride
And marry her. I here should say

She seemed a type of perfection,
Was all I could hope or wish.
Pleased was I with this selection,
A golden prize I should not miss.

So soon I saw another girl,
Rich and looked to me *more* fair,
She set my head all in a whirl.
I *was* perplexed, I do declare.

How I should gain this second lady,
Sally I wanted you must know,
Things looked a little shady,
The question was what I should do.

Mused on and kept a-thinking,
Hoping something good would come,
'Spite of all my hopes and blinking,
The first seemed to me the *one*.

One that I should love and marry,
And ever own her as my wife.
On a choice we often tarry,
The common course of human life.

At this time comes up sweet Susy,
Here with the rest she took my mind,
I was almost growing crazy,
I much desired some peace to find.

Looked to gain some information,
Find out the course I should pursue,
Was truly in a botheration,
Not knowing fully what to do.

Soon made my mind to journey off,
And try my luck with all the rest,
I shaped my course to the South,
That seemed to suit my fancy best.

Here in a large and busy town,
I set myself at honest work,
Soon gained money and renown.
As time sped on and seemed short,

I soon forgot my Suke and Sall,
As other objects took my mind,
All seemed to go completely well
To calm and cheer my busy mind.

Here with girls I often sported,
So many sure I hardly know
Just the number there I courted,
I have forgot so long ago.

Days and weeks rolled swiftly on,
Sweet happiness was all around,
I often think of those years gone,
“*Those old gay times*” how sweet I found.

I went back to my native land,
Settled myself upon a farm,
Finished the trade with my first love,
She well pleased me to a charm.

So soon at last I married her,
She was a kind, a loving wife,
With peace and plenty, nought to mar,
We always lived a happy life.

You now have heard my lengthy yarn,
Of girls and times and how I wed,
If out of it some good can learn,
For telling you I'm fully paid.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving Day of Pilgrim birth,
A day of joy, a day of mirth,
A day of praise and thankful hearts,
Pervades the state in all its parts.

This is set down a hallowed day,
Little used for work or play,
The people go to greet their friends,
And to the joys of life attend.

This is indeed a grateful day,
Much goods the rich should give away,
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor,
Let none go empty from thy door.

Let *all* unite in grateful praise,
The song of joy to heaven raise,
To the great *Author* of all good,
Feel *truly* THANKFUL as we should.

MOLL DORY; OR HOW HE WON HER.

It is said that the heiress Argenette one day asked Homast, the bard, to write her a poem, saying it might be on whatever subject he chose, whereupon he gave her "Moll Dory." She was so much taken with the sentiment and lines it kindled her love for the bard, and she offered him her hand in marriage, saying she would act the part of "Moll Dory" if he would consent to be the farmer, William Dell. "Agreed," said the poet, "and may we never need a prompter to tell us our duty." History goes on and tells us they were married, lived a long life of prosperity, not less happy than the joyful characters they so readily assumed to represent.

You ask me to write a poem.

How shall I talk? what shall I say?
If the Muse won't set me going,

As well might throw my pen away.

But if I find her in good mood,
With her kind aid an easy task,
She 'll guide my pen to something good,
Most anything that I might ask.

Now, suppose you want a story,
Something to cheer up your mind,
We'll write the love of Miss Moll Dory,
As sweet a girl as you can find.

This lovely maid of youth and beauty,
In our town she used to dwell,
Her highest pride, to do her duty,
And all the world she treated well.

Manners modest, kind, becoming,
Lively actions, with good health,

She a lady of good learning,
Add to this a store of wealth.

'Tis no wonder she was courted
By the handsome, rich and fair,
O'er the world she was escorted—
Of attendants had her share.

She had suitors by the dozen,
She was loved all o'er the land,
Many wished to be her cousin,
Many sighed to gain her hand.

Her spirit was to treat all kindly,
Use all around with due respect,
She had a beau she loved finely,
One her fancy did select.

This indeed a worthy choice,
Of one she fondly loved well,
At his good luck she would rejoice,
Perhaps his name I ought not tell.

But I will say as much as this,
Was truly kind and noble, too,
He always wore the smile of bliss,
An honest course he did pursue.

Was a farmer by profession,
Not inclined to range and roam,
Owned a farm in his possession,
It was a sweet and lovely home.

Early up to work and duty,
Joy for him to plough and farm,
Growing crops to him a beauty,
Nothing had so sweet a charm.

When these two were here united,
Agreed to walk the rounds of life,
With each other felt delighted,
None so happy as man and wife.

It's common here the curtain drops,
Hides all future from our view,
I think I hear you say don't stop,
Go on and tell the story through.

Their wedding was a day of pleasure
To the people all around,
All enjoyed it without measure,
No happier time could there be found.

These the folks for good communion,
Best of the story here will tell,
A noble boy blessed their union,
Later years a lovely girl.

And their walk through life was pleasant,
In the varied months and days,
Actions right which need no comment,
A joyful life of love and praise.

Now we've told you all the story,
Which you may remember well,
How she that was the girl Moll Dory,
Wife of the farmer, William Dell.

PISCATAQUOG VALLEY FAIR.

A POEM WRITTEN FOR THE FAIR, HELD SEPT. 24, 1879.

Hail noble farmers to this treat,
True sons of worth we love to meet ;
The Poet here, feels proud to say
This fair looks fine in a prosperous way.

In this lovely vale, amid the hills,
Watered by springs and a thousand rills,
Just north this spot, with trees agog,
Rolls the Redman's brook, the Piscataquog.

At the south the Uncanoonucs rise,
Tops high up, towering to the skies,
Just above, Goffstown Village stands,
Long noted for her sash and blinds.

At the east, a few miles below,
The waters of proud Merrimack flow.
On the river banks, I should remark,
Sleeps Bennington's hero, Gen'l. Stark.

Long years ago, how memories cluster,
This lot was used for Goffstown Muster.
Ah ! muster then was a noted day,
Its charms and follies, all passed away.

Old moving time, new things produce,
We trust it used for a better use ;
So now today, here as elsewhere,
These grounds are devoted to a fair.

The farmers catch the joyful sound,
Come from the country all around,
Bringing their crops of giant size,
To beat their neighbors, grow more wise.

Here is stock, most every grade,
So large and slick, old times they shade.
So much is here upon the ground
We'll take a walk and ramble round.

Cattle large, with hogs and sheep,
See horses too, that's hard to beat,
And on the benches, in the pens,
The coops are all filled up with hens.

We'll just step in this splendid hall,
The Yankee wants to see it all,
Go all around, see what we find,
For that's the nature of mankind.

A table of fruit, so full, so fair,
Is seldom found, go anywhere.
Yes, look it over, what a treat,
So rich and large, it's hard to beat.

Over in the other hall,
Rugs and flowers, great and small,
So many things take long to tell,
Yes, the tent's all filled up well.

Potatoes, pumpkins, wheat and corn,
These long rich benches do adorn.
So many things, I hardly know,
But on the whole, a splendid show.

Each exhibitor feels impressed
That his stock is much the best,
Watching all with anxious eyes
To see who's lucky, wins the prize.

Dunbarton's team, dressed up gay,
Has come and makes quite a display.
In this gay tent their ladies ride,
And grangers claim it as their pride.

Farming was different, all do know
With our fathers years ago.

The land was good, a virgin soil,
The yield was great amid their toil.

The country then was wild and new,
They seemed to know just what to do,
And though their tools were not the best,
They enjoyed life and did seem blessed.

Improvement now comes to our aid,
Machines of every kind are made,
To ease our labor on every hand,
And help us cultivate the land.

Great Cincinnatus, we are told,
Delighted much the plough to hold.
Great China's chief, her emperor king,
Holds the plough, yes every spring.

Our wise men, must call them great,
Led our armies, ruled our State.
Great Washington and Jackson, too,
Did each a farmer's life pursue.

What more fine, delightful round,
Than in the path of farmers found,
Away from tumult, noisy strife,
How sweet the joys of a farmer's life.

He is contented—happy—free,
A life of pleasure all agree ;
What nobler class can there be found,
Than those who plough and till the ground.

The mechanic too, I'd proudly name,
Justly entitled to praise and fame ;
How much we owe his works and skill.
His virtues told would a volume fill.

The fair shows a full success.
Here's Chamberlen with his printing press ;
Finest machine upon the ground,
He prints off cards to pass around.

The band of players standing near
Discourse sweet music to the ear.
A wide awake, sweet-playing band
As can be found in Hampshire land.

The ladies, too, have come up here
With faces bright we love to cheer,
Bringing their offerings of worth and skill,
The great grand circle help to fill.

I would be brief, not talk to long,
Here say to the farmers, go on, go on,
Improve your lands, great crops you raise,
May heaven bless you all your days.

AUTUMN.

O, sweet Autumn, I do love thee
For thy fair and sunny days,
For the blessings thou givest to me,
I would shout a song of praise ;
O thou sweet and lovely season,
Thou hast come to crown the year,
Man come forth with joy and reason,
Singing carols loud and clear.

Thou art clad in worth and beauty,
What more pleasing to behold,
The harvest season claims our duty,
To gather crops more rich than gold ;
In the sunny days of Autumn,
Sweet to ramble o'er the earth,
Loaded orchards, love to walk there,
Tasting fruits of richest worth.

Ripened fruits of earth are plenty
At this season of the year,
Should fill our cabins that are empty,
Lay up a store 'gainst want appear ;
Autumn now like all before her,
Will fill her space and soon be gone,
Will not stop a day to bother,
Moving time will carry her on.

The scenes before us are dissolving,
 Teaching us great nature's laws,
 All is changing, all is moving,
 Nothing acts without a cause ;
 The book of nature all before us,
 Wide spread out before our view,
 Come join and help us sing the chorus,
 God is in the seasons too.

O this rich and joyful season,
 Thine the hours we hold most dear,
 We could wish with much good reason,
 Thy days might last through all the year ;
 But with nature be contented,
 As all is wisely ordered here,
 Do no act to be lamented,
 Love all the seasons of the year.

MYTHELOR, OR THE MISSION OF MAN.

A LEGEND.

A worthy sage as I've been told,
 Sent out his son to talk and teach ;
 Accept no money, take no gold,
 Don't want such trash within your reach.
 Go thou, Mythelor, among the throng,
 Pour forth thy fair enchanting lays,
 Tune thy sweet harp both loud and strong,
 To fill the world with love and praise.

Go tell the world all that thou can,

Yes, my son, thou noble youth,
Go tell the ways and works of man,
But *never* vary from the truth.

Take not pride and sin to bother,
As many have unwiseley done,
Go teach each man to love his *Maker*,
Assist and help his fellow-man.

The son starts on his mission bold,
Thinks it a duty he should do,
Goes to teach as he's been told,
In all his acts aims to be true.

To be great we would appear,
Man wants the world to call him wise,
While little else than shadows here,
Though cannot see it with our eyes.

Here we look with little pleasure
On the wayward acts of man,
He looks short in his best measure,
Count him all the good we can.

We study hard to wisdom find,
Tell the world how much we've done,
And only find that we are blind,
Near to the bound where we begun.

Man is prone to follow folly,
She allures him in her ways,
Takes him in she does, by golly,
And for his conduct dearly pays.

He is ever learning wisdom,
Seldom gets his lessons well,
To virtue's call don't care to listen,
Why it's so I cannot tell.

Man boasts much of his religion,
His own way right; no other view,
Full of pride and superstition,
He asks you to believe its true.

Of how much worth is that religion,
Made of selfish forms and creeds?
How can it better man's condition,
Give him that joy his soul most needs?

Christ's mission was of truth and beauty,
Full of wisdom, kindness, love,
Teaching man to do his duty,
And guide to his home above.

These are truths of richest worth,
Come to the fount and thou believe
That God is good in all His works,
His blessings freely to receive.

We look around on human nature,
Study to learn all we can;
A scene that is quite amusing,
To see the changing shifts of man.

Men are different in their dealings,
No two here found just alike,
Not the same in looks or feelings,
Each one thinks his own way right.

Thou should be kind unto thy neighbor,
Always aim to use him well,
To treat all fair be thine endeavor,
A better course I cannot tell.

Man labors hard to fill his space,
Of wealth he wants the largest store,
Having a plenty in his race,
His cry the same, O give me more.

I love to tell of honest men,
And sing their actions in my lays,
To the world great blessings been,
To guide man upward in his ways.

Honest, happy and contented,
The world to him looks bright and fair,
Lives at peace with all his kindred,
Joy surrounds him everywhere.

The boy is happy with his rattle.
Man with his titles proud the same,
Little difference in their value,
Both are toys of different name.

The good doctor let me notice,
In doing good he spends his days,
Gains much knowledge by his practice,
Who more worthy of our praise.

I love to look upon the farmer,
See him plow and plant his ground,
To heaven trusts his care and labor,
Till the harvest does come round.

She is honest, will not cheat him.

Give him crops a store of wealth,
Will fill up his measures heaping,
Giving him the widest breadth.

Good mechanic we should praise him,
Sound his virtues o'er the land,
Use our efforts to assist him,
Love and respect he does command.

Joy and pleasure in his labors,
He works to beautify the earth ;
He and the farmer are joint neighbors,
They the men of richest worth.

The man of money is common place,
The miser is selfish and is small,
He looks on others not as good,
Of goodness shows the least of all.

Ye men of wealth, of money plenty,
Freely give to the honest poor,
Let no one from thee go empty,
Who art worthy to share thy store.

What shall I say of politicians?

Count them gamblers, little worth,
They oft lie and deceive you,
Among the refuge of the earth.

Yet there are men of sterling worth,
I would not censure or would blame,
Stand fair among the good of earth,
Their names high on the roll of fame.

The great statesman let me say,
Contends for just and equal laws,
His actions shine as bright as day,
He pleads aright a worthy cause.

And also here the patriot too,
Who loves his country all his days,
Will do the most for me and you,
To make us happy in all ways.

Here amongst the rest of people,
The idler and deceitful man,
All his days are full of trouble,
Would seem best he had not been.

Then there is the wicked warrior,
Hands all stained with human blood,
His wicked work cause death and sorrow,
Long should have gone before the flood.

The man of peace looks up brightly,
Love and kindness fill his path,
All his aim to act uprightly,
What a wealth he surely hath.

He is rich above all counting,
Treasures vast flow in his ways,
All obstacles of life surmounting,
A round of pleasure all his days.

What's the history of the nations?
Wars, fighting, changing crowns,
These they seemed to much delight in,
Upbuilding kingdoms, pulling down.

Should I tell you of their rulers,
Ambiguous dogs 'tis very plain,
Ignorant and designing foolers,
Leaving their subjects to complain.

Nations in debt, republics poor,
When rulers, dishonest act like knaves,
Were made so by foolish wars,
It's then their people become slaves.

We see republics grow and flourish,
United, happy, rich and free,
Quarrel and divided, soon they perish,
That's their fate we're left to see.

As with man it's so with nations,
Justice and peace should guide the way,
Men should act honest in all stations,
To prolong a prosperous day.

Let dim dark error fall to earth,
To rise no more in future time,
Let wisdom with her golden wreath,
Our days, our weeks, our years entwine.

The future to us is unknown,
What she holds we cannot see,
Today is all can call our own,
Tomorrow belongs to another day.

All is right within the circle,
All move on in different ways,
Life seems to us a complex puzzle,
Find it so most all our days.

O what a lovely world is this,
That God has made for erring man,
Strange it is he cannot see it,
And strive to act the best he can.

Let us seek the path of duty,
God is here, is everywhere,
All around is life and beauty,
What a boon for man to share.

We should all be up and doing,
Acting our part on life's great stage,
And an honest course pursuing,
Making this a golden age.

When we have filled up our measure,
All the sands of life are run,
May we look with joy and pleasure.
On the acts and deeds we've done.

Looking to that land of bliss,
Full of hope, a soul of love,
To a better world than this,
High in the heavens with God above.

Man having here performed his mission,
Well acted life in all its ways,
Heaven his home in full fruition,
Through the endless round of days.

Let me progress and travel on,
My carrying ship the wings of love,
Ye gods guide safe my little bark,
To the joyful realms above.

Meets Gabriel at the gate long been,
I do much need a guide you see ;
"O yes, fair youth, thou may come in,
And freely will I wait on thee."

Thrice happy in this blessed abode,
And naught is here but love and joy,
None can enter but the good,
Nothing our happiness destroy.

The honest miller is up here,
And quite at home he seems to be,
Wearing a light upon his face,
Just as happy as he can be.

And here's the beggar on his staff,
The heralds say he has been just,
On earth the rich at him did laugh,
Before the rich man comes here first.

I would enquire if thou'll attend,
Who that so blest with joy and mirth,
O that's the good samaritan,
Christ's best neighbor when on earth.

Lawyer and priest at last come in,
How altered do they now appear ;
Having got rid their load of sin,
Have found the path that leads up here.

Show me earth's rulers and her kings.
I would inquire and where they be.
Way over there, poor worthless things,
Of small account as you may see.

I have a wish to see the Jews,
That old sect so long have been,
They had so many creeds and views,
'Twas long before they could come in,

But now they have become all new,
And worship freely with the rest ;
Just step this way and take a view,
They with the Gentiles here are blest.

Who on that hill of silver wood,
In that bright land of shining glory,
They are the wise, the great and good,
All full of love most holy.

What is that afar off yonder,
I dimly see in empty space,
That the world you needn't wonder,
Called man's temporary dwelling place ?

The poet, here my good old friend,
And with him thou let me stay ;
'Twould break a law I could not mend,
God's laws are just, we must obey.

One question more, allow me to ask,
O tell me that I will be done,
What man should do, what be his task,
To this heaven of bliss to come.

His days be filled with noble deeds,
His will and purpose to do right,
Throw to the winds the sects and creeds,
And let God's love burn pure and bright.

Ye men of earth should love the law,
Should practice virtue and be just,
The Golden Rule Christ left to guide you,
In God's love and goodness trust.

Thanks on thanks how can I pay thee,
For the kindness thou hast done,
Thou go home and teach thy fellows,
Tell in heaven there's only One.

God is One in will and purpose,
Rules all beings great and small,
All his acts are wisdom, goodness,
Rules supremely, God is all.

O how high am I delighted,
I seem full of joy and mirth—
Thou go home and teach thy brothers,
Mercury will take thee back to earth.

Must I return to earth again,
How shall I there spend out my days?
Appear once more 'mongst busy men,
To reap their censure and their praise.

And is it so I'm back again,
It seems to me a kind of birth ;
Can it be true I'm freed from sin,
And dwelling here on earth.

He now returns to his worthy sire,
Who cries aloud, "Son hast thou come!"
God bless my boy, lay down thy lyre,
It is with joy—come welcome home.

FRED FARLO, THE FARMER'S BOY.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

I'll tell you of a farmer's boy,
Rich in hopes, all full of joy ;
This boy, the hero of my song—
We'll watch him as he goes along,
This boy was kind, was generous, just ;
In perfect goodness put his trust ;
And though a youth, quite young in age,
He showed the wisdom of a sage.

Like other boys he went to school ;
His lessons showed he was no fool ;
With knowledge good he stored his mind,
And left a score of boys behind.
He loved to work upon the farm ;
Above all trades it had a charm,
And when he rambled o'er the lot
It seemed to him a hallowed spot.

This farmer's boy, his name was Fred,
A handsome youth who was well bred,
He was beloved by all the van, ;
In years grew up a noble man ;
He looked around to find a wife,
A help and blessing to his life ;
He wants a mate that's kind and true,
That girl he finds—they call her Sue.

They soon were married, we are told ;
Each loved the other more than gold,
This flame burned bright through all their life,
A charm to Fred and Sue his wife.

They go on to a lovely farm
With neat new house and tidy barn ;
Their minds were made to live in peace,
Enjoy sweet life, and their wealth increase.

Through all the varied hours of day
Their labor sweet, their work but play,
And when night came for man to rest
They looked a couple highly blest ;
They were up in early morn ;
Sue to her milking, Fred to his corn.
They were industrious, happy, free—
Just the folks we love to see.

Their farm life now well begun,
They are blest with a lovely son ;
Time rolls on and a few years after
Are favored with a lovely daughter.
He loved to farm, to plant, to sow,
His grain to reap, his grass to mow.
O what a pleasure, he would say,
To gather in the new mown hay.

In the spring he plows his ground,
Sows and gathers as months roll round ;
His labors blest with crops in store,
To sell to the rich and give to the poor.

How to be happy this pair have found—
 Kind friends and neighbors all around ;
 Though Fred is no wizard, Sue no witch,
 It is a fact they have grown rich.

We now will bid this pair good bye,
 Hoping that other boys will try
 To be as good and kind as Fred,
 And on mankind their blessings shed.
 Happy, rich, with children and wife,
 And all the comforts of this life ;
 With all the blessings man can share
 The curtain falls ; we leave them there.

RUELLER, THE ESQUIRE'S SON.

A LEGENDARY TALE OF LONG YEARS AGO.

In New Hampshire State, near town of Weare,
 Long years ago there lived an esquire ;
 Location pleasant, buildings great,
 And here he owned a large estate.
 I'll tell you now the way in which
 The 'squire got so very rich :
 Beyond his fields in a little wood,
 Some Fairies dwelt ; he'd done them good.

They told him where that he might dig,
 And find a treasure, large and big.
 He went, and dug as he was told,
 And found a large amount of gold.

His wealth so large he wants no more,
And part of that he gave the poor.
The ruling passion of his mind
Was to be generous and be kind.

The 'Squire had an only son—
A handsome youth—just twenty-one,
Looking about to find a wife
To go with him the round of life.
So on he goes to find a bride
Whom he can love with honest pride.
A pleasant girl with generous views
Would be the one that he would choose.

He goes to see a handsome gal,
Her name I think they called it Sal ;
She lived a wild and idle life,
Not the one for him a wife.
Off he starts to a distant town,
Calls to see Miss Hannah Brown.
Dressed finely, with much wealth endowed,
She was too haughty and too proud.

He goes to court the Hillson girl,
And what they said I cannot tell ;
But something funny, I suppose,
For that's the way the story goes.
He calls around to see Miss Fan :
She was engaged to another man.
Then drops in to see Miss Duke :
She was rich, but didn't suit.

Now strikes he out and goes to see
 That pretty maiden, Lucy Lee.
 She told him frankly he needn't tarry,
 As she was not disposed to marry.
 Now on a journey to his home,
 Meets by the way Miss Mary Cone:
 A playmate of his early days,
 She looked quite charming to his gaze.

Says he, a-smiling in idle glee,
 "Mary, will you marry me?"
 "If you're in earnest in what you say,
 I answer 'yes', if fooling 'nay'."
 Her answer frank, in a pleasant way,
 He hardly knew just what to say.
 "I ask your pardon; will make amends,
 Hoping we be better friends."

I should here in my story tell,
 Thus Mary loved Rueller well.
 He now resolved to end his strife,
 And take this maiden for a wife.
 The marriage now was to be made
 Publicly, to seal the trade.
 The fixings were so rich and tall,
 It seemed to go ahead of all.

The priest came up with pleasant looks.
 He had the papers and his books.
 It was his purpose he had come,
 To join two willing hearts in one.

The service was well performed
 Amid the halls richly adorned.
 The bride and groom were costly dressed,
 And bowed obedient to be blest.

They all sat down to a sumptuous feast,
 From the greatest to the least ;
 Plenty enough and some to spare ;
 Was on the whole a grand affair,
 The best of spirits freely flowed
 Plentifully around the board.
 Some drank whiskey, some good wine,
 For all were bound to have a time.

So in order came the dance,
 Where beaux and belles could have a prance.
 They had a grand and noble ball ;
 It seemed a blessing to them all.
 The hour is late ; time to retire ;
 We'll bid good-night to the worthy 'Squire,
 To the lovely bride, the joyful son,
 The company all ; my tale is done.

NEIGHBORS OF THE LOWLANDS.

Come up, Sahoco, to the feast,
 I have a tale I want to tell,
 Funny stuff to say the least,
 Perhaps you'll like it very well.
 Some like a story, some a song,
 All wish to hear what's going on.

Captain Brown got awful mad
With his neighbor Johnny Goff,
Because he would not say he's glad
Old Susan Cate had moved off.
With some people 'tis their way,
Think all should see the same as they.

Old Susan's hens were very bad,
Which often bothered Captain Brown,
That was the reason he was glad
This old jade had left the town.
Glad was he that she had gone,
And not much likely to return.

They soon began to twit and fling,
And what they said they didn't care,
I thought a row would soon begin,
You'd thought so, to hear them swear.
Men in a passion often use
The vilest words that they can choose.

Brown called Goff a simple fool,
Goff said to Brown he had no wit;
They were often told to keep cool,
But neither one would yield a bit.
Each was bound to have his say,
Which caused the rumpus here to-day.

They talked so hard and very loud
All could hear them, far and nigh,
Their noise had gathered quite a crowd,
And both sung out, "You lie; you lie."

"Tis not the way that men should do,
But quite a different course pursue.

They stood and jawed quite a spell,
Much they said, 'twas silly chaff,
Some of their talk not fit to tell,
But sure it made the people laugh,
To hear those people stand and jaw
When neither one could tell what for.

Then steps up young Billy Boust,
He told them he would put them through;
I thought they'd knock him off the roost
In spite of all that I could do.

Some think it great, and rather bright
To crowd themselves into a fight.

He had put in his ugly blab,
To raise them up in higher tone,
Should known enough to hold his gab
And let those angry fools alone.
The neighbors here did plainly know
He did it all to make a show.

Old Miss Gossip, she was there,
Their angry words pleased her well,
She gathered all with greatest care;
She loved a bag of news to tell.
Yes, that was so, 'twas her delight
To talk and tattle day and night.

It grew so warm and hot at last,
Keopy said they'd said enough.

He'd put them in the lobby fast,
Heard any more their wicked stuff.

He talked with reason and so clear
These neighbors now began to fear.

Keopy told them very plain
It was an outrage and a sin,
Such foolish talk. O what a shame !
He never wished to hear again.

So now attend, Keopy cries,
I want you to be good and wise.

They soon began to cool and calm,
And made excuses very free,
Said they meant no hurt or harm,
And sorry they should disagree.
The sky around looked clear and bright,
As both seemed anxious to do right.

They talked friendly as they spoke,
Each telling how to make amends,
Funny it was to hear them joke,
See them go home such cozy friends !
In the path of life you'll find
This a picture of part mankind.

OLD MISS RACHEL.

Rachel, Rachel, who is Rachel?
She be my Aunt, let me suppose ;
Here she comes with her big satchel ;
See how brisk and firm she goes.

Welcome, welcome old Miss Rachel,
How many hours I've spent with you ;
In my early days, how watchful,
Rocked me in the cradle, too.

I love to have her come and see us—
Talk and laugh, and vent her joys ;
O, the rich and costly presents,
She would bring to give us boys.

She will tell us something funny—
Gets rested, and puts up her staff ;
She is rich—don't want for money,
Has more than she can spend by half.

Much with us she was a stopping ;
Helped our folks the cooking do.
Everytime she went a shopping,
Would always bring me something new.

She would bring me home some candy,
That I always liked to see ;
Bought whatever else come handy,
She seemed to think so much of me.

O, I can't forget her goodness,
Ah, this old Lady that is now ;
She was always full of kindness,
Ever ready to help and do.

Rachel very free and generous ;
Much to the poor did give away.
Her good friends are all around us,
And she so pleasant in her way.

Hurry, hurry, old Miss Rachel ;
Were the words I used to say,
When she went to fetch my playthings,
How sweet the moments of that day.

In that day, how bright and finely,
All the moments seemed to run ;
All my playmates, gay and lively,
And all our world was full of fun.

Now I have grown up a man,
With a farm, a store of wealth ;
If I was poor, more joyful, then
I was so happy in myself.

Never can forget Miss Rachel ;
Almost as soon forget myself,
Would be hard to find her equal,
She seemed to me a store of wealth.

Peace go with this good old lady,
Always loved her, from a boy ;
May none of her days be shady,
But all of them be full of joy.

A SCHOOL.

An original poem read at the close of the School Meeting on Tibbett's Hill, on the 13th of March, 1880, by the author.

A school to teach the children well,
Is what I am about to tell ;
Just the date I do not know,
We'll call it fifty years ago.

Master goes in to commence his school ;
Some scholars bright, some almost fool :
Two dozen here, it may be more,
All in confusion on the floor.

He tells them all they should obey,
Mind every word he has to say ;
They eye him close, yea, every one,
As he cries out, now school's begun.

He says to all, with cheerful looks,
I want you to study all your books,
Not waste your time in idle play,
But get your lessons every day.

Boys, come out ! I'll hear you read,
This is a branch you'll always need ;
I want your mind to rightly train,
At head commence—now speak out plain.

Some read fast, some read slow,
Some read loud, and some read low,
Some read badly, some very well,
Some in a way I cannot tell.

If you have read your lesson through,
Each to his seat may quickly go, •
I want you all to study well,
So all the answers you can tell.

I'll now attend to the grammar class ;
Bring out your books, I'll hear you parse ;
Tell me the verbs, the moods and tense,
How we should talk to make good sense.

Explain the adjectives, you know,
The nouns and the pronouns, too,
Plainly all the genders tell ;
For a new class did very well.

Master, will you mend my pen ?
Cries out a boy to teacher then ;
Master with knife cuts off the quill ;
Small boys there, you must keep still.

Bill to the teacher now has come,
You show me how to do this sum ;
Two figures wrong I here can see,
Set down fifteen, divide by three.

Ben, with your writing now proceed ;
The second class come out and read ;
Some half a dozen, perhaps more,
Parade themselves out on the floor.

Richard Brown, what makes you stare ?
What mischief are you into there ?
What is up with idle Sue ?
Must I go there and punish you ?

Master wants to know the time,
Pulls out his watch, so nice and fine,
Now thinks his time is rather slow,
Looks again, his watch don't go.

Puts it safe in his pocket vest,
Intends to give it time to rest ;
Looks at the sun, as well he may,
To study out the time of day.

The teacher calls to Jeremiah,
To-morrow you may build the fire,
And if the day is cold, or storm,
Heat up the schoolhouse nice and warm.

If you have got your lessons well
You may now come out and spell,
Well done, few words missed ;
School is done, you are dismissed.

The schools of fifty years ago
Were about the same as they are now,
Little difference in the main,
Boys are boys, and girls the same.

Should we here the schools compare
Would find but little difference there,
Gay houses now, and costly books,
Might change the view in *outward* looks.

A, B, C, we plainly know,
Same as two thousand years ago,
That is, they remain the same,
Never changed their place or name.

The figures, too, O they are such
That two and two count just as much
As they ever did, or ever will,
When they do same places fill.

And with the rest I here would say,
Look to the morals of that day,
Be truth and honesty the test,
We 'd only show as second best.

Yes, schools are blessings in our land,
Should our highest hopes command,
Should strive hard to them improve,
And give to them our care and love.

They help build up our land and state,
Aid much our children to be great,
Should be the pride of man and youth,
They help teach us to know the truth.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas all, a merry Christmas,
To the great family of man,
Nineteen hundred years—a little less,
Since this day here first began ;
Since that star of light appeared,
To guide aright the shepherd band ;
Since the world with Christ was cheered ;
Since he taught “Good will to men.”

Most glorious day of all the days,
Our hearts should warm with ardent love,
Our souls be full of love and praise
To the author of all—to God above.
What a joyful, happy season,
Neighbors and friends, the world all o'er,
Oh, let each man use his best reason ;
Give gifts to feed and clothe the poor.

Yes, give wide and free thy bounty,
Those who fortune favors well ;
Heaven guide us to our duty,
Make glad the souls around us dwell.
This day let all look pretty,
All feel as great and good as kings,
Youth and age alike be happy,
How many gifts this sweet day brings.
And those gifts of love and friendship,
Mementos of to-day and past,
Treasures in the heart they lay up,
Make bright our days, and long they last.
Oh, bless the blessed Christmas eve,
The center of our hopes on earth,
Rich the blessings we receive,
Christmas proclaims our *Savior's* birth.

ADAM AND THE APPLE.

In that good book that's very old,
Adam eat the apple we are told.
Eve, his partner, helped him to it.
Or, 'tis said, he couldn't do it.

What was its color, white or red,
In the record there's nothing said :
But 'tis natural to suppose,
Looked red and blushing, like the rose.
Eve gave to Adam of this fruit,
And his taste it seemed to suit.

We do not read he did complain,
Other than showed a sense of shame.

This is a type more plain to show
To man what Adam did not know.
And mysteries we often find
Amongst the doings of mankind.

Various opinions do prevail
Of the version of this tale,
And we let the subject rest ;
You can explain it as you think best.

THE WRITING PEN.

“The pen is mightier than the sword.”
It is in truth, upon my word ;
Has done more good to noble man
Than the sword has or ever can.
The early history of the pen
Comes from the goose and not the hen.
Long she kept it by her side,
And often showed it with much pride.
The quill long used by men to write,
How many years cannot tell quite.
Men took a thing of lesser grace
And steel employed to take its place.
Then again, if rightly told,
Some made their writing-sticks of gold,
Which answers well if not abused,
And is a pen that’s often used.

I take up *my* writing pen,
This willing servant of all men,
Found ever ready at the task,
To write such words my mind would ask
What more potent than the pen,
To make excitement amongst men?
And who more active in the courts,
In making records and reports.
Thy province is all o'er the earth.
And who is there can tell thy worth?
Thy praises loud 'low me to sing,
For the rich blessings thou dost bring.
When I am off and far away,
Pen tells me what my friends would say.
So I in turn take up the pen?
And tell my thoughts and views to them.
Think thou a moment, business men,
What could we do without the pen.
Would it not spoil our business quite,
If it were so we could not write?
The pen and type give us the news,
Help scatter wide our thoughts and views.
Most all the knowledge we possess
Comes from the pen and printing press.
How much we use it in our labors,
Conversing with our distant neighbors.
Used by the nations of the earth,
A golden gem of RICHEST worth.

OLD TIMES.

Let me go back to olden times,
Tell of those scenes in humble rhymes ;
Yes, to those days of long ago.
Things were different ; it was so ;
Change, ever busy altering things,
To us new objects brings :
Some we call better, some the reverse ;
None so stout to stay her course.

Happiness in those days of yore
Dwelt around each neighbor's door ;
Man did not bow, obedient nod,
And worship money as his god.
Friends they had, and neighbors, too,
Kind and generous, good and true.
And friendship, too, I must declare,
Was surely not a stranger there.

Kind feelings with generous love
Kept their minds far up above
The sordid toys of Pride and Strife.
They could enjoy the sweets of life.
In those times of long ago
Men were honest : ah, it was so :
The rogue and villain were despised,
And meanly looked on with all eyes.
A neighbor could his neighbor trust ;
His aim and purpose to be just.

It was his joy, his anxious care,
 In all his dealings to be fair ;
 Had not so many useless toys,
 But rich in comforts, real joys ;
 True happiness was felt and seen,
 And pride was banished off the scene.
 Their peace of mind, a happy feast,
 A kind of heaven, to say the least.
 Shall I not sing it in those lays,
 That those were truly happy days ?
 O, what a joyful round of life,
 High up above the reach of strife,
 Where all was lovely—all pure bliss.
 Who could not love a world like this ?

NEWSBOY'S ADDRESS.

TO THE PATRONS OF THE AMOSKEAG REPRESENTATIVE, 1840.

I come to speak of what is past,
 And what there's going on—
 To tune my pipes, to blow my blast,
 And guess what is to come.

Year eighteen hundred thirty nine,
 Like other years have gone,
 To number with past years, of time,
 And another year has come.

We'll greet this year with open hand—
 The Yankees none need fear ;

For while we live in Freedom's land,
Wish all "A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

The farmer I will notice first—
He being my best friend—
His calling honorable and just—
On him we do depend.

The Mechanic, too, should have a place
High in my new year's song—
His skill deserves our warmest praise—
So here we pass along.

These two, the proudest pillars are
In freedom's fabric found,
Should of the "honor" have a share,
Through all the country round.

Great are the changes that have been
For this whole year or more,
Since January last came in,
Would count to many score.

The speculation mists are past,
That gambling, idle mean—
People begin to see at last
'Tis a delusive dream.

This jack-a-lantern guide may go—
It's done its woful harms;
People will not heed her now—
She's lost her magic charms.

The times are hard just now, we own ;
And money is scarce we know—
But better times are coming on
In a few months or so.

And as the seasons roll around,
Presenting many beauties,
Let us in wisdom's path be found
Performing all our duties.

A bounteous Heaven has filled our hearts,
And led us through all mazes—
Has blessed our commerce and our arts,
For which we shout our praises.

And as I must bid you adieu
For these twelve months to come,
I say, fair Virtue's path pursue,
Heed this, and I am done.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS FOR 1842.

Once more I come to greet my friends,
And o'er the globe my message send
To tell the news, both far and near,
And wish you all A HAPPY NEW YEAR !

Year eighteen hundred forty-one
Has had its place—its course is run—
And eighteen hundred forty-two
In page of time now comes to view.

The FARMER true, to him most dear—
We wish success through all the year—
Plenty of crops to use and spare,
To sell the rich and give the poor.

MECHANICS too, well claim our praise,
Our houses they both frame and raise,
Our implements make and repair—
May heav'n's rich blessing be their share.

The PRESS—my friends lend it your aid—
The Printer should be promptly paid—
Invincible—Truth's noble shield,
Most potent engine man can wield.

If we look to VICTORIA's Court,
We see what Johnny Bull's about—
To 'large his bounds, to increase his power,
Build up the rich and grind the poor.

What's going on in olden France?
Has Phillippe's horse began to prance?
This ball of wind, 'tis all a blight—
A few months more and "all is right."

A PROVIDENCE with guardian hand
Has watched o'er American land,
May HEAVEN still our course direct,
And all our dearest rights protect.

WOMAN fair—she claims our meed—
The firmest friend in time of need—
Love, beauty and virtue, her store,
What could mortals wish for more?

Here's a wish to the world around,
That we in duty all be found,
Doing all things rightly in their turn
As long as the lamp of life shall burn.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS 1843.

AGAIN I come—another year
Has rolled around—a new one's near ;
In season, too, I've got along
To tell the folks what's going on.
Accept my hand, my thanks sincere,
Wishing you all a HAPPY NEW YEAR !
And all the blessings man can know,
To cheer his path of life below.

Unroll my scroll.—Friends, now hail
And you shall hear my year-spun tale.
Where to begin I don't well know,
But thoughts will give as they may flow.
To the *old year* we'll bid adieu,
And welcome in the coming *new*.

Welcome, ye Farmers, to our treat,
Ye are the ones we gladly greet ;
With open hearts, expanded views,
The best companions we could choose.
Mechanics, too,—I love the name—
High eminence they justly claim.
In frankness, too, they're prone to deal,

Who labor for their country's weal.
The patriot, and the statesman too,
Will find enough this year to do,
To write, to reason, and to prate,
And guide aright the helm of state.
The Editors who wield the pen,
Are not always the best of men ;
And Preachers, too, I need not say,
No better than they ought to be.
The idle loafer, sauntering round,
Out of employment he is found ;
Pure happiness with him won't stay,
He is the nuisance of the day.
The "Miller" humbug now is past,
It could at best but shortly last ;
And those who in that scheme believed,
Own that they have been deceived.
And what will next enlist the mind,
Cannot exactly be defined,
But something foolish and untrue,
Will be held up to public view.

Our own America—happy land !
As a Republic may it stand,
Its good be felt on every shore,
Till time progressing is no more !
But many *here* there are on hand
To go unto a distant land.
It lies way off in the "far west,"
But those contented will do best.

“The people’s friend—the tyrant’s foe,”
On us its blessings doth bestow.
The **PRESS**--the star of every clime—
May its bright light forever shine.

The Beau is seeking out a *wife*,
To spend with him the course of life.
The Belle—ah! she is seeking too,
A *husband* that is just and true.

Some here will princely fortunes make,
Some men will spend their whole estate,
While some grow rich and some grow poor,
And some remain as they were before.

Woman, the fairest, we would cheer,
And wish her too a *happy new year!*
A partner sure in Deity’s plan—
Woman—best gift of God to man.

My honest wish, my fervent prayer,
That God may crown the coming year
With peace, with plenty, and with health,
And much increase our stock of wealth.

THE TIN PEDLER OF OLDEN TIME.

I am a Tin pedler, the world I well use,
Come join in the chorus, I love the sweet muse,
I’m as proud as a prince, as happy as a king,
When naught else to do, I leisurely sing.

How do you do, marm, sweet maiden so fair?
I've come a great ways to sell you tin ware;
I've drove in the wet, the sunshine and shade—
I knew if I saw you we couldn't but trade.

There are Pedlers all 'round, with poor, fushy tin,
Tell so many lies, 'tis an abominable sin;
But I was brought up a tin pedler from youth,
And always was told to deal in the truth.

Here's a new platter, some call it a pan,
Made of cross tin, I'll warrant it to stand,
It's soldered all round, its edges are fast—
I know it is good and forever will last.

Here's a kettle that's made of the purest of brass,
To boil up your clothes and boil down your sauce,
You use it a day, you'll declare in a trice,
You'd not be without it for double the price.

Here are good pewter spoons, and some still lighter,
The more they are used grow brighter and brighter,
I'll warrant them to be the best of block-tin,
And when they're worn out you can sell them again.

Here's a tin kitchen to roast your fresh meat,
To cook something good for your husband to eat;
A ladle to finish, a saucepan and skimmer,
And a sounding horn too, to call him to dinner.

Here are pots for your coffee, and pots for your tea,
To cheer up your spirits and make you feel glee;

A rattle and whistle, and many such toys,
To please all the girls and tickle the boys.

Lanterns and graters, I carry for the trade,
Tho' on such kinds of ware there ain't nothing
But I must be willing to please every man, [made
And work off my tin ware, wherever I can.

Here's a strainer, a new fashioned pail,
Made upon honor, I know it can't fail ;
Sold four hundred dozen, besides a half score,
And if I'm not mistaken, shall sell many more.

I carry matches, tho' all sell them higher,
I bought them on purpose to kindle your fire—
A real convenience to get up in the night,
To light your lamp, your cigar or your pipe.

Here is a pint measure, a water-pot good,
It ain't one-half that makes up our load,
Large platters and basin's to place on your shelf—
Just step on the wheel and look for yourself.

My ware is all sound, I brought it afar,
All warranted to me, the best of tin ware,
How that I bought it but very few know,
And that is the reason I sell it so low.

You would well like to know what I take for my
Anything, madam, that comes in my way ; [pay,
Pewter, brass buttons, sheepskins and horse-hair,
And all the old rubbish a family can spare.

I'll buy your corn, beans and buckwheat,
Or anything else a tinman can eat ;
Buy feetings, sheepskins and horse-hair,
Or anything else a tinman can wear.

Old Iron I want, pure copper and zinc,
Or anything else that will rattle or chink ;
Dried apples I want, old paper rags too,
All the wool yarn that's dyed a deep blue.

I buy your new butter and all your old cheese,
Take all you have, or as much as you please :
I am an odd pedler, take sugar and honey,
And it raises a smile if you pay me the money.

'What's the price of this pan, sir, what do you ax ?
Three shillings apiece, I commonly tax ;
But I won't be hard while selling to you,
And call it a trade if you pay me but two.'

Here's a new baker, it is your's dear miss—
Grant me a favor, a sweet, loving kiss,
The bargain completed, no one questions why ;
I'll remember you long, so dear madam, good bye.

And now, to start off and muse on the throng,
Slam down the old tin cart, crack up and go 'long,
I deal with all classes, give each one a call,
Believing a pedler the happiest of all.

If we mortals look upon the big world,
All is in confusion and all in a whirl,
All is in tumult, commotions and strife,
What pleasures and cares make up a man's life !

What we're all seeking a Yankee can guess,
The pearl of pure comfort and sweet happiness ;
Great riches and honors, we want for our share,
To be loved and respected, and a plenty of tin ware.

If we look to the Lawyer, we plainly see
His life is in quarrels to gain his own fee ;
He'll shuffle and cheat, and even do worse,
If there is a prospect of filling his purse.

The Priest will puff up and pounce on his books,
He thinks a great deal, you may know, by his looks,
Whether its the good of his flock or his own private
That's in his mind most I leave *you* to say. [pay,

The Pedagogue Teacher, pent up in his school,
All that he does, he pretends is by rule,
He oft cares not a whit whether they study or play,
Can get over his time and pocket his pay.

Doctors will ride in sulkys and hacks,
'Mongst the profession are a great many quacks,
Not censure with blame, nor charge all with sin,
For a *good* doctor is a valuable thing.

Mechanics I love, they do us much good,
Who work the fine metals and also in wood,
Tho' they meet with troubles, I'm sorry to say,
And customers, careless, forget when to pay.

The Yankee Farmer with houses and lands,
Great love and respect he always commands ;
Yes, the noble farmer, I vow and declare,
Stands next to the Pedler who sells out tin ware.

To enjoy sweet quiet, take peace of my life,
I shun all the broils of political strife,
To gain real profit, by such labor, is all fudge,
It costs all it comes to, if I'm any judge.

Now look at the Pedler, how open and free,
Is lively and jovial, can join in a spree—
At home in all places, all people his friends,
What an envious station the Pedler commands !

A SOLILOQUY.

Come up, my son, come hear my lays—
A lesson good for all your days.
Be just, be honest— you cannot fall,
For God upholds and governs all.
I come, a Herald stored with rhymes,
To tell of men and the times :
To foster right, suppress the wrong,
Shall be the burden of my song.

The world it is a real stage—
The king is actor with the page :
We are progressing, can't go back,
Each has a certain part to act.
Times are changed since long ago ;
They daily change, you'll find it so.
Time's steady course you cannot stay
Nor add nor take from it a day.

We'll let the Priest come up the first ;
To tell the truth you know he must—
Speak Love and Justice, to begin
To free the world from wicked sin.
He should be faithful, should be true,
And all the works of goodness do ;
His work well done—O what a task !
A monument that would long last.

There's Preachers 'round most everywhere—
What they teach they don't much care,
It's what I hear the people say,
They care the most to get their pay.
The world's corrupt and full of sin,
See, my son, humbugs come in ;
Truth comes in time and lays them low
Until another batch can grow.

The Doctors, they I cannot pass ;
If they are *good*, O what a class !
Blessings they to all men given,
Greatest treasure under Heaven.
There a set of men called quack—
What they should know they always lack,
And what they do is often wrong ;
Deceiving Guides, pass them along.

Here comes the Lawyer with his quill ;
He wants your money—where's your bill ?
If men were wise and well agreed,
This kind of man we shouldn't need.

The world is coy and full of sin ;
Then again we call him in
To get our debts—I hear men say
He is quite useful every day.

The Politician with his note
Will point you out the way to vote ;
He deals in flattery and abuse,
And hopes to turn them to his use.
The true patriot who loves his land,
Will use the power he can command,
Build up the State to live in peace,
And her best interests to increase.

The Statesman for good laws contends,
And to such views we say Amen ;
If all would do the best they know,
O what a kingdom here below !
Support the State with honest care,
Give each and every man his share,
Let right and reason lead the way,
The path is plain—heed what I say.

The Editor with tales and news
Labors hard to give his views ;
He'll change around, you'll often find,
If he should have an axe to grind
But then, again, I think we should
Credit him with doing good ;
He gives us all much print to read—
This kind of folks we surely need.

The Farmer, with his house and lands,
Our choicest wishes he commands ;
What nobler lord can there be found
Than he who plows and tills the ground ?
His mind is happy, pure and free,
His course is honored—all agree ;
His days and years are spent in mirth,
The happiest being here on earth.

Mechanics come, with cheerful face,
This lovely world of life to grace ;
His mind well stored with plans and skill,
A noble circle he must fill.
He works the metals and the wood,
And makes us things that we call good ;
O, what a blessing, we should say,
We use his works—yes, every day.

The noble Sailor plows the main,
And risks his all in hope of gain ;
His home it is upon the seas,
A roving life of toil and ease.

The Angler, with his rod and hook,
Treads the sides of every brook ;
It is his hope, his highest wish,
To fill his sack with shining fish.

The Speculator is seen about—
A kind of fish we could do without ;
He swims in waters high and low,
And how he stands I hardly know.

Then there is the drunken Sot,
A character I'd 'most forgot ;
He adds no beauty to my song—
Of small account—pass him along.

The Poet rich in shades and hues,
Gives the world his choicest views ;
If he is honest and renowned,
His brow with laurels will be crowned.
Here comes at last the honest man,
God bless his soul, how good his plan ;
To live the golden rule of right,
To make us happy, wish he might.

What a world in this we live !
We're taught the lesson to forgive ;
How varied are our plans and views,
And each a different road pursues.
Some are rich and some are poor,
And some are beggars at your door ;
All is excitement—all is strife—
Which shows the checkered scenes of life.

Those who build their castles high,
Whose towering heads point to the sky—
With goods and stores and health abound—
It is not here *content* is found.

The humble peasant rears his cot,
He is thrice happy with his lot ;
His mind is stored and full of joy—
Sweet happiness, without alloy.

The Ladies fair come to our aid—
The richest pearls that God has made ;
We give to them our heart and hand,
And that respect they do command,
All is right in God's own plan ;
We cannot see—dark erring man—
His all-wise purpose from above ;
Above us all—*infinite love.* .

MANCHESTER.

Ho ! *Manchester*, I come to sing,
A few remarks I here would make,
A tribute to her name would bring,
The largest city in the State.

Old “Amoskeag” that Indian name
For the *Falls* and all around :
Here the red-man chased his game,
Once his home and fishing ground.

Later years the white man came
And settled on this bank of sand ;
Plenty had of fish and game,
Farmers would choose better land.

Some dozen dwellings, perhaps less,
All could be counted on this range ;
Rude and novel I should guess,
All around looked very strange.

Should we look back some fifty years,

This little spot a sandy waste,

Altered now, the scene appears,

A city large of wealth and taste.

This town was once old Derryfield,

Men and times were different then;

This land produced a scanty yield,

Though here lived some worthy men.

This city fair, we love to view,

And note the splendid works of man.

Here a town built up all new,

With buildings many rich and grand.

Proud Merrimac with waters clear,

Rolls down the path it long hath trod;

Whittier seems to hold thee dear,

And almost rank thee as a god.

A noble river sure thou art,

And Manchester owes all to thee;

Without thy aid few mills would start,

On this spot of industry.

Once idly thou run o'er the ground,

Flowing freely from the north;

Thy waters turn the wheels around,

Helping to make a world of cloth.

Mechanics came with care and skill,

Built these *mills* and mansions too,

Cut down the banks and made a fill,

Built these streets where people go.

Here is the hum of industry,
 We love to catch the pleasing sound,
 A welcome note for you and me—
 A blessing to the country 'round.

The stores are thickly planted here,
 Filled with goods of every grade,
 Some sell cheap and others dear,
 This is a lively place of trade.

Lawyers and Doctors crowded in,
 And Priests a plenty you should know,
 Warning the people of their sin,
 And pointing out the path to go.

The Printers here are wide awake,
 Throwing off their sheets of news ;
 Industrious are, and no mistake.
 Giving us their thoughts and views.

Here is the rich and here is the poor,
 The virtuous and the man of sin ;
 My tale is told, will say no more.
 Type of the world that we live in.

WEALTH.

Things are ordered and are such
 It is no virtue to be rich ;
 We see it so can add this more,
 It is no sin to be poor.
 But *Samson says, and with much truth,

*See his works on the ways of Man.

“Wealth is the clouded care of youth,”
And also adds on the same page,
“The supporting staff of age.”

We want wealth, none to boast,
It’s not the rich enjoys the most ;
We find more joy among the poor,
Who have but little for their store ;
A man who is deeply in debt,
Is heard to grumble and to fret,
He may be generous and be brave,
Shows he’s little other than a slave.

It is our duty, all should try
In youth to lay up something by,
To aid us in declining years,
And keep us free of debts and fears.

“Goodness shines on all creation,
From the Heavens to the sod,
Let man be happy in his station,
Living on the love of God.”

A VIEW OF MAN.

The world teems full of deception,
How willing is man to deceive ;
He shows short on full inspection,
And what is there he won’t believe ?

He oft believes as he is taught,
No matter if it is not true,

Can swallow all Religions wrought,
A Pope, a Pagan, Priest or Jew.

Adverse opinions fill the air,
How many views before our sight,
It is lo, here, it is lo, there,
And which are we to judge is right?

Some believe this, and others that,
Eternal truth will stand the same ;
For no belief can change the fact,
Through all the coming days of time.

Where shall we rest, in whom confide,
To lead us in the better way ?

Shall we take reason for our guide,
Or blindly believe what others say ?

Let us search with light and reason,
Try all the truth and right to know,
We should look in time and season,
See for ourselves if things be so.

The light of Freedom now is dawning,
Breaking the bands that bound the mind,
Popes and priests may take their warning,
They and their works must fall behind.

Long have they enslaved the mind,
But with the past have had their day ;
The noble mind no longer bind,
She's burst her bonds and gone her way.

Left priests contending for their creeds,
That are fast crumbling to decay ;
Shall we not judge men by their deeds,
For sure there is no better way.

We hope to see great man improving,
Acting upright in all his ways,
In true reforms be up and doing,
Performing good through all his days.

AGRICOLUS, THE WANDERING FARMER.

The Poet here assumes his task,
A Poem he thinks he hears you ask ;
Can he talk more fine or charming,
Then tell of farmers and of farming.
Now to begin, suppose we must,
Count old Adam about the first,
To cultivate and work the land,
And trim his trees with careful hand.

His garden large, almost a farm,
Thought to possess an extra charm :
The land so rich and very new,
He had but little work to do.
This was a land if I am right,
Where a man could take delight,
The trees bore that kind of fruit,
The appetite did seem to suit.

How well he did I cannot say,
He did not manage long to stay,
But most his trouble and his strife,
Said to be owing to his wife.

How he came on in after years,
Was very well I think appears,
Plenty of land and taxes light,
It is supposed he came out right.

Farming is healthy we are told,
And Adam lived to be quite old ;
As by the record it appears,
Lived some over eight hundred years.
We might as well, perhaps 'tis best,
To let this early farmer rest ;
Bring down our talk to later date,
And tell of farming in our State.

We've farmers good and farmers poor,
Know what they are told, sometimes more ;
Some farm it right and some excel,
Some in a way that's hard to tell.
There's farmer White, his mind is sound,
Kind to his neighbors all around,
Heeds not the smile or frown of kings,
But independent in most things,

Good farm and tools at his command,
Does rightly cultivate the land ;
Little depends on other folks,
To tend his stock or grow his crops.

His labor brings him joy and health,
Is daily adding to his wealth,
He has enough, what he has more,
Oft distributes to the poor.

We look again, see farmer Brown,
Quite a different man in town ;
He has so much to tell and say,
Can only farm in a shiftless way.
His work behind all seems to drive,
It is no secret he don't thrive,
We could see this and even more,
Don't love to work and he is poor.

We see a class still lower down,
Scattered some in every town,
A gaming, lazy, idle class,
Of small account, we'll let them pass ;
The farming North of now-a-days,
Looks a work that lightly pays ;
Man's living and taxes on the farm,
Takes nearly all that he can earn.

One thing I would bring up to view,
Our land much worn and far from new,
Does not possess that virgin soil,
To grow large crops with little toil.
Farming now-a-days is such,
See very few that do grow rich,
The outs exceed the net incomes,
Those make it pay are lucky ones.

Business controlled by clubs and rings,
Sorry to see this state of things.
I wish the farmer full success,
And Heaven all his efforts bless.
These farms deserted look forlorn,
Men moved off, their beauty gone,
Lands show poor, buildings decay,
Which predicates a sorry day.

Not paint the picture dark forsooth,
But I must not evade the truth,
Show things plainly as they are,
Or you would say I was unfair.
Farmers a worthy class indeed,
Just the folks we mostly need,
We use their products every day,
And without them how could we stay?

Go on, go on, with noble soul,
The farmers sure support the whole ;
These honoured kings I should here state,
Rank first among the good and great.
Let cheerful labor with her charms,
Be the sweet music of the farms,
And industry upon your creed,
With heaven's blessing will succeed.

Now to wind up I here would say,
We all look for a brighter day,
May blessings rich, thick on us flow,
As on the path of LIFE we go.

THE LITTLE BOY.

So here I come, a little boy,
Beginning to act, a few years old,
Seeking to find the path of joy,
Full with pleasures, wealth and gold.

Some one tells me I should do this,
Another says, that is not right ;
The next one adds, you'll surely miss,
So many ways that blind my sight.

However, I must act some way,
And the best way how should I know,
I cannot mind all others say,
Perplexing looks the path to go.

But I will try and act my mind,
What that is I hardly know,
I would not wish to be confined,
Too much in what I say and do.

I see I need to go to school,
To train my mind as others do ;
I do not wish to be a fool,
O let me learn the same as you.

Our hero bold with pleasant look,
Has made his mind to be a man,
Hies to the school with slate and book,
To be a scholar if he can.

He goes to school a term or two,
Head of his class he leads the van,
The useful studies has gone through,
And now assumes the cogno man.

We find him next upon a farm.
That his friends have helped to,
This has for him a lovely charm,
This the work he will pursue.

He labors well with careful hand,
All full of spirit, joy and life,
Love and respect he does command—
He seems to think he needs a wife.

A partner of his joys and care,
To aid him in his daily toil,
And with him life's blessings share,
As he improves and works the soil.

That prize of worth he now has found,
To Betsey fair he gives his hand ;
His friends are many, all around
His home and farm shows rich and grand.

Life's varied round they now pursue,
Are daily adding to their wealth,
What lovelier scene for me or you,
All moves in harmony and health.

We now have traced the little boy,
From early childhood up to man,
Some good should learn and here enjoy,
If strive to do the best we can.

Success flows from the path of right,
Rich blessings crown the great and good,
Truth makes our lives show clear and bright,
If act our PART as here we should.

MUSINGS.

I am joyful and delighted,
Studying nature's book of God,
The volume large and variegated,
Full of pages rich and broad.

The loaded trees tell *his* goodness,
The smallest plant *his* wisdom shows,
The earth teems with life and fulness,
In harmony all nature goes.

The falling leaf teaches all a lesson,
Which is well for man to know,
To the earth all seems to hasten,
In this changing world below.

Sing your praises in good humor,
To the great Author of all good,
Let your soul with love flow over,
Feeling thankful as we should.

THE AGED MAN.

I come to sing the aged man,
Full of thoughts and full of cares,
His years outnumber three score ten.
As calm and cheerful he appears.

Seen much the world, its many ways,
While acting out the play of life,
Looks back with pleasure to those days,
Full of excitement, joy and strife.

The many scenes and acts gone by,
Retraces them with fulsome joy,
They fire his soul, light up his eye,
Musing on days when he's a boy.

Notes the passing days of pleasure,
Looking on the long gone past,
Time sped on at a slow measure,
Now the days fly swift and fast.

Reviewing acts that are past and gone,
Thinks he sees moves he should have made,
While other works if left undone,
Would placed him in a higher grade.

He had a part that he must act,
Could not go by or leave undone,
Time, onward moving can't go back,
Deals out her moments one by one.

His youthful days, he holds them fast,
Asks for what purpose was I made,
To fill a space, perform a task,
The hidden future can't pervade.

Man cannot go a perfect round,
Must tread the checkered road of life,
Perfection here cannot be found,
His path is strewn with joy and strife.

Yea, when his time on earth is up,
And all his earthly tasks are done,
Let joy and hope fill full his cup—
Great Nature calls and he is gone.

PAST HISTORY OF MAN.

We read history for instruction,
And in its lines its pages show,
Man has been busy in destruction,
Fighting his friend and neighbor too.

Brutal force he rated highest,
Slay and destroy looked his aim,
To increase his power by conquest,
To crush his neighbor— calls it fame.

As we look back on man's history,
Many his days seem spent in wars,
His actions look to us a mystery,
Calls it he fights for faith and laws.

And is this all for what he fights?
Yea, other things I here should tell :
To rob his brother of his rights,
To feed his pride and have his will.

Passion calls this brute a hero,
Who would the most destroy and slay,
Read the tales of wicked Nero,
Thou read the actions of that day.

Let us hope those times are past,
Nevermore to this earth return,

Such days and times should shortly last,
Man should a wiser lesson learn.

Let him throw down his spear and sword,
Low on the ground to rot and rust,
Go heed the teachings of our Lord,
In God above put all his trust.

O let him live a life of peace,
Here acting nobly as he should,
Let all his works of love increase,
Show man a being *great and good.*

OCTOBER.

The Bard would sing of sweet October,
Most pleasant month of all the year,
With fruits and pleasures flowing over,
Delightful doth the scene appear.

Here she comes, the type of beauty,
Her bowl is loaded to the brim,
Awake, O man to life and duty,
Her golden fruits to gather in.

This a work of real pleasure.
Collecting in the season's yield,
Adding to our health and treasure,
A scene of joy we can but feel.

See the landscape, how inviting,
Fruit trees bending to the ground,
This a season all delight in,
All hail with joy the harvest sound.

Her many clear and sunny days,
From early morn to latest eve,
Should fill us with a song of praise,
For the rich blessings we receive.

INDEX.

	Page.
Proem.....	4
Morning.....	5
California.....	5
Long ago.....	6
The Seasons.....	8
Musings.....	8
David Dandy's Ride Out	10
Pleasant Scenes.....	12
Take Care, or Grandpa's Advice.....	13
Ode to the Ocean	14
Lines on the New Year, 1879	16
Happiness.....	16
Home.....	17
War.....	18
Dollar King, or the Mighty Dollar.....	20
Gazado's Tale, a Love Story in the Days of Auld Lang Sync.....	22
Thanksgiving Day.....	25
Moll Dory, or How He Won Her	26
Piscataquog Valley Fair	29
Autumn.....	33
Mythelor, or the Mission of Man	34
Fred Farlo, the Farmer's Boy	45
Rueller, the Esquire's Son	47
Neighbors of the Lowlands	50
Old Miss Rachel.....	53
A School	55
Christmas	59
Adam and the Apple	60
The Writing Pen	61
Old Times.....	63
Newsboy's Address	64
New Years Address For 1842	66
New Year's Address 1843.....	68
The Tin Pedler of Olden Time.....	70
A Soliloquy.....	75
Manchester	80
Wealth.....	82
A View of Man.....	83
Agricolus, the Wandering Farmer.....	85
The Little Boy.....	89
Musings	91
The Aged Man	91
Past History of Man.....	93
October	94

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 112 905 7